Then will ſhe be out of love with *Eneas*.

Doct. What ſtuff's here? poore ſoule.

Ioy. Ev'n thus all day long.

Daugh. Now for this Charme, that I told you of, you muſt
Bring a peece of ſilver on the tip of your tongue,
Or no ferry: then if it be your chance to come where
The bleſſed ſpirits, as the'rs a ſight now; we maids
That have our Lyvers, periſh'd, crakt to peeces with
Love, we ſhall come there, and doe nothing all day long
But picke flowers with Proſerpine, then will I make
Palamon a Noſegay, then let him marke me,—then.

Doct. How prettily ſhe's amiſſe? note her a little further.

Dau. Faith ile tell you, ſometime we goe to Barly breake,
We of the bleſſed; alas, tis a ſore life they have i'th
Thother place, ſuch burning, frying, boyling, hiſſing,
Howling, chattring, curſing, oh they have ſhrowd
Meaſure, take heede; if one be mad, or hang or
Drowne themſelves, thither they goe, *Iupiter* bleſſe
Vs, and there ſhall we be put in a Caldron of
Lead, and Vſurers greaſe, amongſt a whole million of
Cutpurſes, and there boyle like a Gamon of Bacon
That will never be enough. *Exit.*

Doct. How her braine coynes?

Daugh. Lords and Courtiers, that have got maids with
Child, they are in this place, they ſhall ſtand in fire up to the
Nav'le, and in yce up to'th hart, and there th'offending part
burnes, and the deceaving part freezes; in troth a very gree-
vous puniſhment, as one would thinke, for ſuch a Trifle, be-
leve me one would marry a leaprous witch, to be rid on't
Ile aſſure you.

Doct. How ſhe continues this fancie? Tis not an engraffed
Madneſſe, but a moſt thicke, and profound mellencholly.

Daugh. To heare there a proud Lady, and a proud Citty
wiffe, howle together: I were a beaſt and il'd call it good
ſport: one cries, o this ſmoake, another this fire; One cries, o,
that ever I did it behind the arras, and then howles; th'other
curſes a ſuing fellow and her garden houſe,
Sings. *I will be true, my ſtars, my fate, &c.* *Exit Daugh.*
Iaylor.

Iay. What thinke you of her Sir? (miniſter to.

Doct. I think ſhe has a perturbed minde, which I cannot

Iay. Alas, what then?

Doct. Vnderſtand you, ſhe ever affected any man, ere
She beheld *Palamon*?

Iay. I was once Sir, in great hope, ſhe had fixd her
Liking on this gentleman my friend. (great

Woo. I did thinke ſo too, and would account I had a
Pen-worth on't, to give halfe my ſtate, that both
She and I at this preſent ſtood unfaincdly on the
Same tearmes. (the

Do. That intemprat ſurfeit of her eye, hath diſtemperd
Other ſences, they may returne and ſettle againe to
Execute their preordaind faculties, but they are
Now in a moſt extravagant vagary. This you
Muſt doe, Confine her to a place, where the light
May rather ſeeme to ſteale in, then be permitted; take
Vpon you (yong Sir her friend) the name of
Palamon, ſay you come to eate with her, and to
Commune of Love; this will catch her attention, for
This her minde beates upon; other objects that are
Inſerted tweene her minde and eye, become the prankes
And friskins of her madnes; Sing to her, ſuch greene
Songs of Love, as ſhe ſayes *Palamon* hath ſung in
Priſon; Come to her, ſtucke in as ſweet flowers, as the
Seaſon is miſtres of, and thereto make an addition of
Som other compounded odours, which are grateful to the
Sence: all this ſhall become *Palamon*, for *Palamon* can
Sing, and *Palamon* is ſweet, and ev'ry good thing, deſire
To eate with her, crave her, drinke to her, and ſtill
Among, intermingle your petition of grace and acceptance
Into her favour: Learne what Maides have beene her
Companions, and play-pheeres, and let them repaire to
Her with *Palamon* in their mouthes, and appeare with
Tokens, as if they ſuggeſted for him, It is a falſehood
She is in, which is with faſehoods to be combated.
This may bring her to eate, to ſleepe, and reduce what's
Now out of ſquare in her, into their former law, and